

**"NO PARKING"**

As everyone knows, the most serious problem facing American colleges today is the shortage of parking space for students' cars.

Many remedies have been offered to solve this vexing dilemma. For instance, it has been suggested that all students be required to drive small foreign sports cars which can be carried in the purse or pocket. This would, of course, solve the parking problem but it would make double dating impossible—unless, that is, the boys make the girls run along behind the car. But that is no solution either because by the time they get to the prom the girls will be panting so hard that they will wilt their corsages.

Another suggested cure for our parking woes is that all students smoke Marlboro cigarettes. At first glance this seems an excellent solution because we all know Marlboro is the cigarette which proved that flavor did not go out when filters came in—and when we sit around and smoke good Marlboros we are so possessed by sweet contentment that none of us wishes ever to leave, which means no gadding about which means no driving, which means no parking problem.

But the argument in favor of Marlboros overlooks one important fact: when you run out of Marlboros you must go get some more, which means driving, which means parking, which means you're right back where you started.

Probably the most practical suggestion to alleviate the campus parking situation is to tear down every school of dentistry in the country and turn it into a parking lot. This is not to say that dentistry is

unimportant. Gracious, no! Dentistry is important and vital and a shining part of our American heritage. But the fact is there is no real need for separate schools of dentistry. Dentistry could easily be moved to the school of mining engineering. Surely anyone who can drill a thousand feet for oil can fill a simple little cavity.

This experiment—combining dentistry with mining engineering—has already been tried at several colleges—and with some very interesting results. Take, for instance, the case of a dental student named Fred C. Sigafos. One day recently Fred was out practicing with his drilling rig in a vacant lot just off campus. He sank a shaft two hundred feet deep and, to his surprise and delight, he struck a detergent mine. For a while Fred thought his fortune was made but he soon learned that he had drilled into the storage tank of the Eagle Laundry. Walter P. Eagle, president of the laundry,



was mad as all get-out and things looked mighty black for Fred. But it all ended well. When Mr. Eagle called Fred into his office to chew him out, it so happened that Mr. Eagle's beautiful daughter, Patient Griselda, was present. For years Patient Griselda had been patiently waiting for the right man. "That's him!" she cried upon spying Fred—and today Fred is a full partner in the Eagle Laundry in charge of pleats and ruffles.

© 1960 Leon Shapiro

Speaking of laundries reminds us of cleanliness which in turn reminds us of filtered Marlboros and unfiltered Philip Morris—both clean and fresh to the taste—both available in soft pack and flip-top box.



2061033374